The Devil knows best

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by blackcrystaly

Summary

Will couldn't even begin to suspect for how long Hannibal had been manipulating the events on his life. Tonight, however, was the night he would show his hand.

Notes

This one is another experiment.
The lore is half made up by me, the other belongs to the old western occultism and mythology.
This story had been betaed by the wonderful Leah_Ester, she is a miracle worker!!!

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

This time I'm really going crazy, William thought as he looked at the psychiatrist's huge bat-like wings.

"Mmm… Doctor Lecter…" he began lowly. He was scared of telling the other what his eyes were showing him, but it was the only natural thing to do. After all, the man was the only one who would be able to guide him through this hallucination as he had done so many times before.

"Yes, William?" the blond man asked calmly, while raising his head to acknowledge the man's presence in his study. The young one had arrived unannounced, waited until the last patient left and then sat down on the couch and refused to say anything. After a few moments, the older one had decided to let the Special Agent alone until he was ready to talk and began to read a book on modern psychiatry he had nearby.

"I… I think I'm hallucinating again but… I think is some type of visual delusion because I can tell I'm at your house and it's," he looked at his watch for a moment, "seven thirty."

Hannibal smiled knowingly before leaving the text aside.

"What do you see, William?"

"I see a pair of enormous black wings coming from your back," the brunette said closing his eyes immediately after, as if trying to protect himself from Doctor Lecter's scanning eyes. Maybe this would be the time the man finally recommended his institutionalization.

"Would you like to touch them?" Hannibal asked with an evil grin, taking advantage of the Special Agent's distraction.

That question made Will open his eyes in surprise and hurt. How could the man be so cruel?

"Come closer, William," Hannibal ordered while he stood up and walked around his desk.

Very, very slowly the young man obeyed. *So sweet and trusting my little lamb*, the blond thought.

Eventually Will stood in front of the psychiatrist, his body trembling almost imperceptivity. Slowly, as if not to spook him, Hannibal took his hand by the wrist and brought it to the soft interior of his very real wing.

The young one tried to take his hand away, but he kept it there, firmly. The green eyes became dark and terrified.

"It… it feels almost… real… *This doesn't look good for me*, does it?" he asked gravely.

Doctor Lecter almost let go a frustrated growl, but he controlled himself at the last minute.

“William, if I told you I also have a pair of horns and a pointed tail would you believe me?” he asked softly. The way the other looked at him told him the answer even before he opened his mouth. “Or maybe…” he kept on since there was no need to let the man vocalize his negative answer, “I should simply show you a little something.” And with that he let the rest of his attributes appear as well as bringing the abandoned book to his hand with a thought.

“This is a nightmare!” the young one cried before falling to the floor and bringing his knees to his chin, his arms hugging them and his face hidden from sight.

The demon smiled, left the book aside and moved until he was close to the troubled brunette. He knelt and spoke softly. “Where are you, William?”

For a second, the Special Agent was tempted to lie. If he told the man he was somewhere else maybe Lecter would think that he was experiencing another, more normal, hallucination, but then he decided it would be useless.

“I’m in Doctor Lecter’s study,” he answered almost mechanically, his voice laced with anguish.

“What time is it, William?”

For a second the FBI agent hated the psychiatrist, but then he realized the man was the only one helping him maintain what little sanity he had, so he moved to see his watch once again.

“It’s a quarter to eight.”

“Maybe William, you should trust your own eyes a little more,” Hannibal said with a soft smile while his hand raised the other’s chin to force their eyes to meet, green to light blue. The whole of the psychiatrist's eye was taken by that beautiful color and the brunette observed them fascinated.

“This can’t be… I *have to be* hallucinating!” Will yelled at last, trying to escape the other’s touch.

“Why?” the psychiatrist asked full of curiosity. “Why must you be hallucinating, William? Are you so fond of the idea of going insane?” Then his eyes turned dark. “Do you think any other doctor would understand how unique you are?”

“I don’t! I hate the idea of being committed! But what I see… it can't be real!” he yelled, all thought of propriety gone from his mind. Eventually he realized it and turned it down. “You look like…” he didn’t want to say it because he had been taught to think of it as a mere legend, a fantasy, a show of primal fears, superstitious or magical thought.

“A demon. You can say it, William, there is nothing wrong with the word. It’s not offensive,” Hannibal said while helping the distraught profiler up and sitting him down on the couch. “I suspect this isn’t the first time you’ve see one of us.”

The way Graham’s eyes darkened was answer enough. Still, this time the doctor waited for a verbal response. They had to deal with this now if they were to move forward and his

carefully laid plans were to see any fruition.

“It wasn’t real,” Will said at last. “I was under a lot of stress and I saw what wasn’t there…” That had been the lie he had trained himself to say once he understood it was what everyone expected to hear. It had been the only time he had been grateful for his gift since it had saved him from being institutionalized. He’d had to take a lot of pills, until he was almost a shadow for a couple of years, but at last he gotten free of them too. Will had never again talked about the things he had witnessed, and finally trained himself to ignore it until he couldn’t see it anymore. Still, he saw evil in every crime scene as fresh and real as the monsters he had seen before. The stag that haunted him was demonical in nature, he knew as much, but who could he turn to? Who would believe him?

“My sweet, innocent, William…” Hannibal began almost affectionately. “*It was real,*” he said, looking the man directly in the eyes. “We have been watching you for such a long time, waiting for you to grow up, to show your enormous potential. I have been waiting for you.”

The tone sent chills down the Special Agent’s spine. *This was crazy. He wasn’t having this conversation*, he decided. His imagination was working overtime and soon he would open his eyes and would be at a crime scene and the good psychiatrist would be at his side talking him out of a dissociation episode.

He wouldn’t be so lucky, of course.

“There aren’t many like you,” the demon explained, taking Will’s hands in his own. “But some of mine were too anxious, they scared you,” he explained softly. “Don’t worry, they have paid for their hastiness”

William found himself feeling a little worried over those that Hannibal spoke about, and the idea made him laugh an almost hysterical giggle.

The psychiatrist’s eyes shone but then he allowed the other the moment. It was another known coping mechanism. Eventually his tail caressed the brunette’s cheek, bringing everything to an end.

“I don’t know what to believe, Hannibal,” he said at last. “I don’t want it to be real…”

“It won’t be like that time, William,” the older one promised. “You are just too precious to lose,” he said, while his hand replaced the pointed tip of his tail, caressing the man’s face and hair.

“I’m just damaged goods, Doctor Lecter… I’m bordering on insanity and can’t even deal with half the things humans do… I don’t ever want to witness what other creatures do again,” William said stubbornly.

The blond took the man firmly by the chin.

“*You are not damaged goods, William*. And I already told you, it won’t be the same, I kindly ask you not to call me a liar,” he said in a warning tone.

If the profiler didn't feel that it was a serious situation he would have laughed again.

"You are a demon, Hannibal… your kind does that."

"*I* don't lie," the other said, and for some reason William believed him. He nodded and the taller one let his face go.

"Why tell me now?" Will asked full of curiosity but also worried.

"Because you are dying, my dear…" Hannibal answered seriously. "You have a serious illness… I want to give you a chance, a choice."

"WHAT?" Graham shouted once more, propriety be damned. He was dying? How could the man tell him so calmly? How long had he known?

"Calm down, William, and hear me out," he ordered, his wings surrounding the trembling body, effectively blocking any possibility of escape. "Doctor Sutcliffe was wrong… you have a very advanced case of encephalitis."

The news was simply too much to take for the profiler's fragile state. He simply went catatonic, his mind refusing to process what he had been told and his body too tired to fight it. Carefully, Hannibal pulled the fragile brunette to him, closing his arms around him, and giving him the time to process all that was said.

He had patiently created this moment, manipulating events with mastery, to play out to competition and allow him to take all the strings of his pretty puppet in his hands. He wouldn't let any other man or woman take William from him again.

Chapter 2

Hannibal's body felt warm and comforting, the Special Agent decided. This was the man he could trust; the one who was always there when things went horribly wrong. Doctor Lecter had proved his innocence after Jack jailed him. He had fought tooth and nail to get him discharged into his care, taking him away from the Baltimore Hospital for the Criminally Insane and later helped to clear his name. Crawford was still trying to get William come back to the team. Even fragile, broken, teacups can be vindictive and unforgiving.

He was scared. Dying was a scary thought, it had always been. He didn't want to but… maybe the prize for cheating death would be too high. What could Hannibal possibly want? The psychiatrist had told him that he wanted to give him a choice. So, if he acknowledged what Hannibal was, there was the chance that the lore was real and he would be offered some kind of… pact or deal? His soul in exchange for a longer human life? Will wasn't sure he wanted to do it.

Graham heard the sound of a hoof at his back hitting the floor and that brought him out of his thoughts. He turned around, half knowing exactly what would he see. The raven stag was looking at him intensely.

"Is he also real?" William asked with trembling voice, still lying against the strong body.

"His name is Ran and he has been trying to get you to touch and pet him for ages. After all you freed him," Hannibal explained softly.

Will's eyes opened so big it could be called comic if the situation wasn't so charged with tension and anxiety.

"Why do you think Hobbs was such a prolific, almost undetected killer for years? The cabin was a temple. The antlers were old offerings from hunters and priest made to him. Hobbs took the place and forced Ran to help him."

"How could… how could anyone force a… what is he, exactly?" William asked, a little incredulous of the whole thing, while trying to see the stag as a poor victim rather than a creature of his nightmares.

"A forest spirit. In old times they were called minor gods and then later low ranking demons. He has a beautiful human form too, but he is too weak to show any other form than the one you've been seeing. As for Hobbs, he had the power to deny Ran access to the temple and keep Ran from gathering the little energy he could still get from it, if he refused to help him. If he had, Ran would have disappeared as many others of his kind have before," Hannibal explained while finally releasing Will and getting up. He pulled the man to his feet and walked him to the waiting animal.

At first, the FBI agent was apprehensive. Even though his hand had unconsciously made it half way to the black body he didn't dare to go further. Things were changing too fast; his

perception of the world was shifting once more. Old thoughts, old fears, old images were being brought to the forefront of his mind from the place he had buried them so long ago.

The stag moved forward at Hannibal's subtle nod and made the contact happen.

It was… soft. The raven feathers were almost silk-like and the stag felt warm, alive, nonthreatening.

Will had always been terrified of this creature, thinking it was Hobbs's last laugh; the vengeance for taking his life. Now, he was caressing it! The creature huffed happily and tried to create more contact.

"He's a little affection starved, you see. His last priest died… some hundred years ago and Hobbs wasn't interested in keeping him happy."

Will felt sorry for the poor thing, it was almost like one of his strays. He had always had a soft spot for the mistreated ones. They needed him the most, and usually, once they could get over the abuse, were the ones who wouldn't leave.

Hannibal smiled. William was such a sweet one. His emotions were feeding both dark creatures in the room. The stag was one of the leaders of the forest spirits and an old friend of his. He had been able to keep some of his power and a physical manifestation because the old temple hadn't been destroyed like the rest, and Lecter had made sure it was mostly undisturbed.

He had dealt with the idiot who appointed Hobbs as the temple's "keeper". The foolish thing never saw him coming but once captured he was a good source of information on his always present detractors and enemies. Things had turned out better than he could have hoped for. Will had been dragged into the whole mess and he was the one to spill the blood of the "keeper", as much of a travesty as he was of one. That had been enough to release Ran from his clutches and since then he had been trying to connect with William. This was one of his last attempts and the most energy consuming since it was a full materialization.

Slowly, Will somehow became conscious of Ran absorbing bits of his energy and creating a link between them, giving him a little of himself in return. He wasn't afraid of this, all animals bonded in a different way, he could understand that. Somehow they were easier to deal with than humans.

That's true, a loud voice that wasn't his or Hannibal's said directly into his mind.

"Umm… Hannibal…" he called softly.

I didn't mean to scare you. Thank you for taking care of me, the voice said again.

“Ran?” Will asked aloud, truly amazed.

The raven feathered creature nodded.

“Hannibal, the stag… Ran... is talking to me… in my mind!” He turned his head around to look at the demon.

“You two are linked now. He needs someone to take care of him since there is no one at the temple anymore,” the psychiatrist explained.

“I can’t…” Will began to say and the two creatures at his sides looked disappointed. “I mean… what Hobbs did there… I hate blood.”

“You don’t,” Hannibal confronted him at once. “You hate the idea of being like him, but you *love* blood.”

I didn’t want or demand those girls’ lives, the stag told him.

The FBI agent felt a bit better after hearing those words, but Lecter’s appreciation of him made him uncomfortable.

“You should stop hiding from yourself and from us, my dear William. You might not have been the Chesapeake Ripper but you could understand him as no other because you have the same need in your veins. He knows that and has been trying to court you with all those little gifts you flinch away from but always think about. You wish you were like him. You admire his courage to kill those who deserve it. *You are a hunter just like him*.”

Will tried to walk away, to extricate himself from Hannibal’s support and run away. He didn’t want to think about the man’s words. He didn’t want to come to the conclusion that the psychiatrist was right. He had been fighting the good fight all of his life and what had it gotten him? Prison and being doubted by those he trusted.

Of course, the demon wouldn’t allow him to escape. He could always trust Lecter to take care of him. This man had been forcing him to fight his inner demons and fears and teaching him to become stronger, even if during that afternoon it hadn’t been very easy to see. Hannibal was ruthless and strict, and just short of perfect. It has been obvious all along that he could never have been a simple human being.

“I’m not a killer…” Will began to say, words cold and patently untrue to his own ears.

“Yes, you are… but that’s not all you are, my dear.”

He could tell the words that were absent from that sentence. He could guess them, feel them tingling in his mind. William decided he needed to hear them. They would be the reason for him to fall. This had been going on for so long... and now approached its climax. He could finally see it.

“What else I am?” he asked then, voice trembling with excitement. The puzzle was complete in his mind.

“*Mine,*” Hannibal said and turned the man around to kiss him on the lips.

Chapter 3

The kiss was incredible. William felt surrounded by Doctor Lecter. The pointy-ended tail closed around his waist, plastering him to the other's body, strong arms around his back and nape, the wings covering him, secluding and protecting his body.

At that moment he could understand the lure of the dark side.

Will tried to repress the moan that wanted to came out, but it was impossible.

Hannibal was conquering his mouth, every bit of space taken by a strong, sure tongue, and the brunette was happy to leave him to it while he explored the other's wet, tantalizing mouth. Eventually they broke apart.

"Will you hear my proposal, my dear?" the psychiatrist asked softly, both of them ignoring the patiently waiting stag on the room.

"Yeah," William said, desire running through his veins. He didn't want to talk… he wanted… more; more of Hannibal, more of his warmth and the feeling of that strong body against his own. He wanted to caress the insides of the black wings, to know if the long, thin and twisted horns that appeared at the top of his head were as strong as they seem to be, if they had any sensitivity. He wanted to feel sure hands caressing his own, mostly uncared for, body; taunting him with pleasure and convincing him to give up all of himself just to keep feeling like this for the time he would be allowed to have.

"No, no, my dear… I need you to really pay attention to me…" Hannibal played unfairly, but he wasn't allowing any loopholes with this one for the angels to try and take him away. After all, humans were fair game for either side until they turned completely one way or the other, and even then there was the odd chance of getting them unless they crossed over and became demons or holy hosts. Very few human were given such a chance, even less of them had the strength required to survive the process without losing themselves forever.

"Hannibal…" the other man began to say, before wrapping his own hand around Lecter's nape and bringing him back to his mouth. Lust was pouring through his veins and Will couldn't think of anything right then and there, surely the psychiatrist would understand.

"You are so daring at the most incredible of times, my dear," Doctor Lecter said seriously, but to William it sounded seductive and he took the man's lips at once.

They kissed for a while. It was obvious that a change of plan was in order. Hannibal had never been the dogmatic kind, learning early on that flexibility was the key to success. Moreover, he knew there was no chance of the profiler suddenly dying on him since neither Ran nor himself would allow that to happen. He had slowed down Will's encephalitis, and unless he was very much mistaken his old friend had just cured him. However, both of them allowed the symptoms to continue manifesting, which guaranteed the brunette would believe his earlier words. Then, it was time to fulfill his beautiful one's desires.

At Graham's back, the stag seemed to smile to Hannibal. They understood each other without the need of words, even if both enjoy talking and hunting together from time to time.

The old spirit loved Will in a way very different from his own, which was a good thing since Hannibal didn't really like the idea of getting rid of him. Still, it meant that Ran would protect William to the best of his, presently limited, abilities. One day the brunette would be the liaison between the dark forest spirits and the demons under Hannibal's control. William was already so in tune with nature it was a miracle no other had tried to claim him before… Maybe the way that the older blond had killed the last two who tried had something to do with it.

Hannibal finally took the profiler in his arms and carried him upstairs to the master bedroom. If the Special Agent had any intention of protesting it vanished the second he saw the light blue eyes. *They are so expressive*, William thought, so unlike Doctor Lecter's usual look.

Once inside the bedroom Hannibal carefully deposited the brunette on the mattress, before climbing over and straddling him, trapping the unresisting man under his body. With expert fingers he began to take Graham's cheap clothes off. The young one looked a bit doubtful, and after a second he realized that it wasn't that he was having second thoughts but the fact he didn't know how to reciprocate since his wings seemed to come right out of the suit without ripping it apart in the least.

"Would you prefer I hide them?" he asked softly.

William shook his head and bit his lower lip. He didn't want to confess how much it turned him on to have such a powerful creature, who was at the same time the most important person in his life, focusing on him, wanting to have sex with him.

"You are so perfect, my dear," the man said with affection, while his eyes turner a darker color. He took the profiler's hands and brought them to his clothes. "Go ahead, it will be alright."

"Won't I… hurt them?" the brunette asked worried

"Of course not," the man reassured him. "Trust me."

Slowly, oh so slowly, Will began opening the man's shirt, while the jacket mysteriously disappeared into thin air. He would ask about it later.

Hannibal decided he didn't want to lose unnecessary time on clothes that would be discarded anyway—since he wasn't letting his lover go dressed in something like *that* ever again—and used his sharp claws to reduce them to shreds.

William felt electrified at the contact. The pointed tips had barely touched his skin but the danger they posed… the control that Hannibal had to exercise not to hurt him… it made him

feel even hotter.

“Hannibal…” he called half a moan, half a whimper.

“Yes, my dear?” the other asked, his voice the mask of politeness while his hands began to explore the now exposed skin having retreated his claws so as to not hurt his man, not on their first time at least. But, if the younger reacted like that to them he wanted to know what would happen when he let them run free over the tanned skin, marking it softly, maybe eliciting a drop or two of the rich blood he coveted.

“Please?” William didn’t know what he was asking for exactly, so he simple finished unbuttoning the shirt and while opening it he hid his face against Hannibal’s neck.

So delicious, the demon thought licking his lips hungrily.

Lecter finally made the man rest his back against the mattress and with a thought the rest of the suit followed the jacket's fate. Now they were both naked, and Hannibal was hungry. He moved down to kiss Will’s lips once more before moving to the tempting neck, he would mark his lover there for all to see. The blond used one of his hands to pinch and stimulate the other’s already the erect nipples while his tongue played and made drawings on his skin, wetting it.

A second later the brunette felt a pair of fangs piercing his skin. William yelled but didn’t try to escape the contact; it didn’t hurt after all, if anything it made his desire go further. Maybe he had a pain fetish? He wondered for a second.

But then, Hannibal moved his tongue over the place he had bitten to clean the blood off, and any attempt at thinking was ruined for the time being for the young one.

Slowly, the blond moved down, to kiss and lick the pink buds at his lover’s chest while his hands ran free all over the soft canvas at his mercy, finding the spots that made his lover moan, groan or whimper.

William wished he could touch more of his lover but he didn’t dare try to turn them around, minding the black wings. But they were as a part of the other’s body as any other spot and he began to caress them, slowly, tentatively. It was his turn to hear Hannibal whimper.

With expert hands, slowly, the older one made the other’s legs part for him and he seated himself between them. His tail flickered over the nipples teasing them, while he moved to finally take his lover’s cock in his mouth for the first time.

William moaned loudly when he felt the sudden wet heat that trapped him. It was an incredibly feeling and a unique sight. Hannibal Lecter between his legs, giving him a blowjob as he had never experienced. From time to time the demon would let him feel a little of his fangs caressing his flesh but never actually hurting him… it was one of the most erotic things he had ever felt. The over stimulation had him coming in a matter of minutes.

The older one swallowed all of his seed, and moved to his secret place, the entrance to his body. A tongue caressed the soft skin making William yell and moan. He had only had one other lover who ever did something like that to him and it hadn't been as good. Suddenly he found himself turned over, resting on his stomach.

"This will make things easier," Hannibal explained, before parting the pert cheeks and going back to his ministrations.

"Hannibal…" William whispered.

A tail touched his lips and the brunette blushed. It was obvious what it wanted, but the thought of it… It was so taboo… Slowly, full of doubts that he wouldn't be able to go with it, he opened his mouth and let the tip of his tail in. It felt strange but not distasteful. Carefully he dared to take a little more, the thing never going further than he allowed it to. He licked the whole of its pointed shape, and even a little more.

Hannibal rewarded him with longer licks of his own, going in and out of his body with his wicked tongue, imitating the action he would soon do with yet another part of him.

Lecter moaned when William playfully bit the muscle he had been playing with. A second later he flipped them over kissing him on the lips. Good thing that magic took care of the hygiene bit…

"My dear, I didn't know you had it in you…" the way Hannibal said it made Will feel proud of himself.

"Me neither," he confessed a little feverish. "Please, Hannibal…"

A finger then took the place of the tongue. He was incredibly wet.

"Demon saliva," the blond explained while kissing the neck once more, this time on the side he hadn't marked.

"Please, Hannibal… fuck me!" he begged loudly when the smart digit found his pleasure spot.

"Soon, my dear…" Even if he was using magic to move things along, he wasn't about to hurt his chosen one by being rash. After all, Will was still human and fragile, he didn't want to hurt the other in a way neither of them would really enjoy.

"Now!" he pressed.

Hannibal made a disapproving sound.

"Be patient, my dear… Capricious boys are rude and in my house they get punished…" he warned.

William's reaction was surprising. He got harder and moaned at the threat. Most people and even his own kind tended to get terrified at those words, but not his Will. Of course, Hannibal

had been cherishing and doting on him ever since they met, so it was only obvious he wouldn't fear his actions. Still, he knew that the man took him seriously when it counted.

"Oh, my beautiful… you surpass my expectations at every turn…"

"Please?" he begged in a small voice.

He had already taken two fingers and was growing impatient. Even with Hannibal's threat on his mind it would be worth it.

"One more finger and then I'll take you, and mark you… With my seed in you there would be no going back…" Of course that wasn't exactly true, it would be difficult but not impossible, proving that someone found him before they were mated and bonded.

"Yes! *Yours, Hannibal!* Always yours, forever yours, mark me… my demon!" William claimed.

The words alone were so powerful that it almost made the blond lose control of himself, but he quickly ruled himself. It was time to take his lover.

The fact that Hannibal was bigger than those fingers he had been taking was the first thing clear to the young one. It took a little while for him to get used to it, and the other was incredibly patient. With time, Will promised to himself, he would be able to take his man with no problems.

The thrusts were slow at first, hitting his sweet spot every time, making him go mad with desire again. The brunette found himself begging Hannibal for some release since that damned tail had coiled itself around his prick preventing him from reaching his orgasm.

"Not this time, my beautiful… We'll come together…" the other said in a tone that allowed no dispute.

Hannibal's movements became increasingly quicker, and then the black tail began to move, stimulating him.

It was too much… he came before the other but not by much; his release seemed to trigger his lover's. The world became white and he passed out for a moment.

William opened his eyes to find he was tucked under Hannibal's sheets with a big black wing covering him. He smiled to himself before turning his head to look at the wonderful creature apparently resting at his side.

"I'm not hallucinating, you are a demon…" he said in a very low voice, while his hands caressed the bat-like wing.

Suddenly two light blue eyes studied him.

"Rest now, William," the demon told the man with his usual calm and controlled voice.

“I can’t… There’s so much to take in… My mind is trying to catch up and I’m thinking how much I hated having convinced myself that all that in my past wasn’t real…” he confessed.

“William…” he began, making the other man look at him anxiously. “Humans have known about us for a long time but they chose to ignore it. You did what you had to do to remain free and that’s something you can’t be blamed for. The ones who tried to hurt you… Those doctors that you were forced to go to and consult with… They’ll pay for it.”

A strange light shone in the green eyes, before being quickly snuffed out.

“No, no… I don’t want anyone to be hurt, Hannibal,” he said at once.

“Don’t worry about it just now, my dear. We’ll give it some time… But remember what I told you before, William, *you love blood*… Denying who you are, what you are, it will be detrimental to you… You are a hunter.”

The words resonated inside Will’s mind. There were hidden truth there; images that he didn’t want to have back. Emotions he thought he had buried forever.

“Relax, my beautiful, I won’t force you to do anything you don’t want to do or feel uncomfortable with…” When the time came, he wouldn’t have to, after all.

END

End Notes

Feedback is more than appreciated.

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